THE HALF-CROWN TEA, Best in the City. {J. B. MART.} 110, Borough Buildings, London-rd. Prove it by buying half-a-pound on trial.

Vol. II.—No. 39. MANCHESTER, Saturday, May 8th. Price One Penny.

VOWEL A WASHING MACHINE,
A very useful and popular Family Machine, price £3 10s.; with newly-improved India-rubber Wringer, extra strong, £5 12s. complete.—See Catalogue.
BRADFORD & CO., Cathedral Steps, Manchester.

VOWEL E COMBINED WASHING, WRINGING, & MANGLING MACHINE,
Price £8. 8s.; efficient, simple, and of acknowledged superiority.—See list of prize medals awarded.
BRADFORD & CO., Manchester and London.

BRADFORD'S WRINGING AND MANGLING MACHINE,
With improvements, perfect as a Wringer, unequalled as a Mangle.—CATHEDRAL STEPS, MANCHESTER.

VELOCIPEDE MICHAUX

The COMPAGNIE PARISIENNE beg to inform the nobility and gentry that their celebrated Velocipede Michaux will for future bear the title of COMPAGNIE PARISIENNE, in addition to the word Michaux, on each machine, without which none are genuine.

S. DAWSON, Junr.,
Parsonage Chambers, 56, DEANSGATE,
MANCHESTER,
Is our only authorised Agent for Manchester and district.

63, KING STREET, MANCHESTER,
Opposite Brooks' Bank.
CALDERBANK, SMITH, & CO.,
(From Kendal, Milne, & Co.'s,)
CABINET MAKERS, UPHOLSTERERS, AND BEDDING WAREHOUSEMEN,
Respectfully announce that they have OPENED the above Premises with a select Stock of
CABINET FURNITURE
UPHOLSTERY, &c. &c.
IRON AND BRASS BEDSTEADS,
From the best manufacturers only.
An INSPECTION is RESPECTFULLY INVITED.
63, KING STREET, MANCHESTER,
Opposite Brooks' Bank.

WM. JAS. WRIGHT,
TAILOR,
39, LOWER KING STREET, MANCHESTER,
Respectfully invites his Friends and the Public to inspect his very choice Stock of Spring Goods.

WM. JAS. WRIGHT,
SCHNEIDER UND HUTMACHER,
39, Lower King-street, Manchester,
ersucht höflichst die-Deutchen Herren in Manchester, und Umgegend sein Grosses Lager in gewählten Fruhlings-Waaren anzusehen.
WILHELM BRAUN, Vorschneider.

VICHY WATER.
36s. per Case of 50 Litre Bottles.
THE MINERAL WATER COMPANY OF VICHY,
Under the control of the State, have the honour to announce that the GENUINE WATERS can be had from their
Representatives—
James Smith & Company
26, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.
11, Lord Street, Liverpool.
28, High Street, Birmingham.

Grant & Co.'s Trousers, all Wool, 13/-
Grant & Co.'s Trousers and Vest, all Wool 17/6
Grant & Co.'s Brighton Coat, 20/-
Grant & Co.'s Showerproof Overcoats, 17/6
Grant & Co.'s Boys' Suits from 8/-
Grant & Co.'s Youths' Suits ,, 15/-
GRANT & CO.
TAILORS, CLOTHIERS, & OUTFITTERS,
136, DEANSGATE,
CORNER OF BRIDGE STREET.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.
Mr. CHARLES CALVERT'S
ANNUAL BENEFIT,
SATURDAY, 8th MAY, 1869,
When will be produced, for this night only, Lord Lytton's celebrated Play,
RICHELIEU.
Richelieu ..... Mr. Charles Calvert.
Julie de Mortemar ..... Mrs. Charles Calvert.
After which Mr. CHARLES CALVERT will have the honour of Addressing the patrons of the Prince's Theatre.
To conclude with a
GRAND BALLET DIVERTISSEMENT.
To commence at half-past Seven.
On Monday Next, 10th May, the Eminent Tragedian,
MR. PHELPS,
Will appear for Six Nights in his Great Impersonation of
SIR PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT, in the MAN OF THE WORLD.
Box Office open from Twelve to Two.
Commence at half-past Seven.

POMONA PALACE.
OPEN DAILY.
THE PALACE MILITARY BAND,
which has been secured at considerable expense, and is selected from Halle's, Crystal Palace, and Leeds Exhibition, and principal orchestras in England, will perform every day
SELECT MUSIC
from the great composers, including Mozart, Auber, Rossini, Bellini, Balfe, Jullien, A. Mellon, &c., commencing at three o'clock.
DANCING on the MONSTRE PLATFORM,
AND IN THE PALACE,
Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.
Other days for Promenade till dusk.
ADMISSION 6d. NO EXTRA CHARGES.
Sundays for Promenade. Admission 3d.

JOHN CAVANAH, HATTER, BOOTMAKER, and OUTFITTER, "Number Eleven," Oxford-st., (St. Peters). Agent for LINCOLN and BENNETT'S and CHRISTY'S HATS. Walking, Dress, & Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valises, Satchels, Bags; Mackintoshes, Overcoats, Rugs, &c., in great variety.

HUSBAND'S NEW PATENT VENTILATING HATS, 35, MARKET-ST.

J. G. KERSHAW & Co.,

Letterpress and Lithographic

PRINTERS,

BY STEAM POWER.

ORNAMENTAL COLOUR PRINTING,

BY PATENT TWO-COLOUR MACHINE.

LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTING

BY STEAM POWER.

MACHINING EXECUTED FOR THE TRADE.

SHIPPERS' TICKETS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

'MAIN' PRINTING OFFICES, 37, OXFORD STREET,

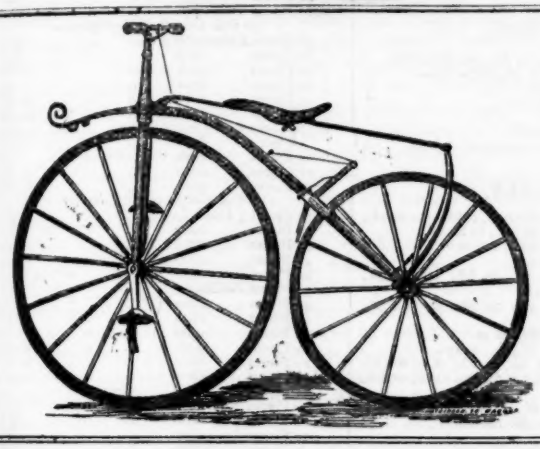
MANCHESTER.

NATHANIEL GOULD & CO.

3, Market Place,
177, Oxford-st.,
60, Oldham-st.,

2/6 Per Pound

260, Deansgate,
107, Rochdale-rd.
Manchester.



VELOCIPEDES.

THE BEST
French & American Two-Wheelers,
AT
112, PORTLAND STREET.

TWO SPACIOUS ROOMS FOR PRACTICE.

VELOCIPEDES!!

JOHN FLETCHER & SONS,
PATENTEES OF
VELOCIPEDES OF THE BEST CONSTRUCTION and WORKMANSHIP.

EAGLE FOUNDRY, CLOWES STREET, CHAPEL STREET,
SALFORD.

A LARGE ROOM FOR PRACTISING. INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN TO PURCHASERS.

RUPTURES.
EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862
Was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the
IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS.
Deformity Instruments, Artificial Limbs, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances.
26, OLD MILLGATH, MANCHESTER.

NOW ON VIEW.
"MORS JANUA VITÆ,"
(Death! the Gate of Life!)
Painted by Sir NOEL PATON, R.S.A.,
Her Majesty's Limner for Scotland.

MESSRS. GRUNDY & SMITH beg to announce that this celebrated Religious Allegory (dedicated to the Queen by special command) is NOW ON VIEW at their Galleries, 4, Exchange-street, Manchester.

Admission by Invitation Card, or Sixpence each.
Hours, Ten till Five.

DAN'S. DAN'S. DAN'S.

TRY THE
VIENNA BEER,
Drawn from the Ice Chest, to be had only at
DAN'S,
5, St. MARY'S GATE.

J. HAYWARD,
(For several years Manager to the late firm of Scholes & Co.)
Window Blind Manufacturer
5, JOHN DALTON STREET,
MANCHESTER.

Sun-Shades of every description made to order.

JOHN SLACK,
CARVER AND GILDER,
BEGS to draw attention to his celebrated manufacture of CHIMNEY GLASSES, which for purity, stability, design, and genuine gilding, cannot be surpassed in England; prices as low as such an article can be produced for—from £4 to £30. Window Cornices in every style; genuine gold, 4s. to 12s. per foot. Picture Frames of every pattern and price. J. S. would also mention his very superior work in Re-gilding, for which he will be glad to give estimates, and will guarantee its genuine quality. Needlework neatly framed. Artists advantageously treated with.
17, LEVER STREET, Piccadilly.

LYONS' INKS.
Prize Medal, Paris, 1867;
Honourable Mention, London, 1862.
LYONS' Blue-black Writing and Copying INKS.
LYONS' Red, Blue, and Black INKS.
Also Extra Strong Copying INKS, to give Six Copies.
Sold by all Stationers.—Depot, Fennel-st. Manchester.

R. WALMSLEY, JEWELLER AND SILVERSMITH, Manufacturer of LEVER & CHRONOMETER WATCHES, 129, Oldham-st., Manchester.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—GREAT OUTFIT ESTABLISHMENT,

125 & 127, OLDHAM STREET.

THOMAS PEEL takes this opportunity of thanking his patrons and the public generally for their kind support during the 20 years he has been in business, and begs most respectfully to submit the following prices.

Having had 32 years' experience in the Underclothing Manufactures, will be a guarantee for goods worthy of the pre-eminence to which his establishment has attained.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING Department.

Long Night Dresses, in dozens, half dozens, or singly, 2s. 6½d. to 8s. 6d.
Ditto, with frills, 2s. 9d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 12s.
Ditto, insertion, 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 5d.
Ditto, Needle Work, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d. 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to 60s. each. French and English Designs.

LADIES' CHEMISES.

Plain, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to 5s.
Frills, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., to 6s. 9d.
Needle Scollop, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 9d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Stomacher Fronts, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 30s., to 50s.

LADIES' CALICO & TWILL BODIES.

Plain, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 10½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
Trimmed, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.

CAMESOLS.

Mull Muslin, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Fronts, 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 9s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 50s.

LADIES' DRAWERS.

Plain and Hem, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d, to 1s. 11d.
Seven Tucks, 1s. 4½d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., to 2s. 6d.
Ten Tucks, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., to 5s.
Needle Scallop, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d., 21s., to 25s.
Insertion, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., to 25s.

LADIES' LONGCLOTH PETTICOATS.

With Tucks, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
With Insertion, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 6s., 8s. 6d., to 60s.
With Flouncings, &c., 4s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 90s.
With Frill 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 45s.

FLANNEL PETTICOATS.

Lancashire, 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 10s. 6d.
Saxony, 6s. 11d., 9s. 11d., 12s., 15s., to 42s.
Coloured, ditto, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 16s. 6d., to 36s.
Silk, Satin, Eider Down, Arctic, and a great variety of Fancy Skirts, at nominal prices.

LADIES' NIGHT CAPS.

Several Hundred, French Manufacture .. 4½d.
Ditto ditto .. 6½d.
Ditto London .. 8½d.
Ditto London, with Needlework .. 9½d.
Ditto .. 1s.
Ditto .. 1s. 3d.
Ditto .. 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Ditto, Glasgow .. 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.
Ditto, Alexandra .. 11½d.
Great Variety of Sleeping Nets.

LADIES' DRESSING GOWNS.

Printed Cambrics, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d. to 25s.
Ditto, Flannel, 10s. 11d., 15s., 21s., 30s., to 45s.
Ditto, Cashmere, 50s., 60s., 80s., to 140s.
White Muslin, 14s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 25s., to 50s.

TOILET.

Flannel Jackets, 7s. 11d., 9s. 11d., to 18s. 11d.
Muslin, ditto, 5s. 11d., 8s. 11d., 15s., to 30s.
Printed Cambric, ditto, 2s. 11d. to 7s. 6d.

LADIES' FLANNEL, MERINO DRAWERS, Etc., Etc.

White and Scarlet Saxony Drawers .. 5s. 11d. to 14s. 6d.
Welsh Flannel .. 6s. 11d. to 9s. 11d.
Swan Down .. 4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Twill .. 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.
Merino .. 4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Lambs' Wool .. 5s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.

SINGLETS.

Flannel .. 3s. 9d. to 7s. 6d.
Merino Vests .. 1s. 11d. to 8s. 6d.
Lambs' Wool .. 3s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Merino Vests and Drawers, complete. 10s. 11d. to 15s. 0d.

LADIES' HOSE.

Thread, German make, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Ditto, English ditto, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
Silk, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 16s. 6d.
Cotton, 3½d., 8½d., 11½d., to 3s. 6d.
Merino, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 5s.
Lambs' Wool, 1s. 6d., 2s., to 4s. 6d.
These are from the most celebrated Makers.

BABY LINEN.

Infant Shirts, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 8½d., 10d., 11½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Cotton Binders, 4½d., 6d., 8d., 10d., 1s., to 2s.
Flannel, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Flannel Barrows, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., to 25s.
Long Petticoats, 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., to 15s.
Night Caps, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 10½d., to 5s.
French Cambric Caps, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., to 15s.
Hair Cord Gowns, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
Calico Night Gowns, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Monthly Robes, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., 17s. 11d., 21s., to £6. 10s. each.

INFANT CHRISTENING Department.

CHRISTENING ROBES, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 11d., 15s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to 160s.
FRENCH MERINO CLOAKS, braided, quilted, and trimmed, all of great beauty, 8s. 6d., 10s. 6., 12s. 6d., 15s., 18s. 6d., 21s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 60s., 90s., to 170s.
BEAUTIFUL HOODS and HATS, in CASHMERE, Silk, Velvet, and Felt, 1s. 4½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., to 30s.
SILK and VELVET BONNETS, 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 15s.
90 dozen White Brussels and other Falls, 4½d., to 21s.
Quilted Bibs, 3d., 4d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 6s. 6d.

SHORT CLOTHES.

Round Shirts, 6½d., 7d., 8½d., 10½d., 1s., 2s., 3s., to 4s. 6d.
Stays, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 2s. 11d.
Calico Petticoats, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Flannel ditto, 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

Chemise, Banded, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 5s.
Ditto, Fancy Fronts, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 15s.
Tucked Petticoats, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.
Flannel ditto, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., to 18s.
Drawers, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 11d., to 10s. 6d.

BOYS' and YOUTHS' Department.

Day Shirts, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Night ditto, 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., to 5s.
Linen Collars, 3½d., 5½d., to 7½d.
Ties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, &c., all largely reduced.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

20 dozen Shirts, size, 15½, 2s. 6d., worth 3s. 11d.
Plain and Fancy Shirts, to 10s. 6d.
Linen Inserting and other Fronts, 5½d. to 10s. 6d.
Fancy Ties, at nominal prices.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

Lancashire, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Welsh, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Imitation, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d.
Saxony, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., to 8s.

CALICO DEPARTMENT.

500 Pieces 36 inch Longcloth .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5d.
70 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
10 Pieces Twill ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
32 inch Longcloth in proportion.
50 Pieces Haircord Muslin .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 11.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 12. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 12. 6d.
5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 11.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 12. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 12. 6d.
Soft Cords, 12. 4d. to 2s. 6d.
50 Pieces ¾ Linen Lawns .. .. .. 10½d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 11.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 12. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 12. 6d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. 12. 11d. to 3s.
50 Pieces Nainsook .. .. .. 4½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 11.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 12. 4d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 12. 6d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 12. 10d.
15 Pieces ditto various, to .. 3s.
10 Pieces Nursery Diapers .. .. 4½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 7½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 11.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 12. 9d.
Napkins, ready for use, 7s. 11d. to 21s. per dozen.
10 Dozen Towels .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Dozen ditto .. .. .. 7½d.
10 Dozen ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces Bird-eye Diapers .. .. 11.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 12. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 12. 6d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 2s.
5 Pieces ditto .. 2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.

FANCY DEPARTMENT.

Several Hundred Yards Real Thread Edge, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., and 10½d.
Several Hundred Yards Lace, 6½d., 8½d., to 3s. 6d.
Several Hundred Yards Real Valenciennes, 5½d., 6½d., 7½d., 8½d., to 2s. 6d.
Real Maltese Collars, 11½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto Cluny, 1s., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto, 10½d., worth 1s. 9d., in great variety.
Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
Honiton Collars, Berthas, Laces, prices will astonish.
Several hundred pounds' worth of Imitation Cluny Lace, new patterns, low prices.
Black Falls, Pellerines, Jackets, Berthas, &c.

SEWED MUSLINS.

18 Dozen Muslin Tie Handkerchiefs .. 8½d.
50 Dozen Muslin Ties .. 9½d.
A very large assortment of Garibaldi Jackets, from 2s. 6d. to 25s. Purchased very cheap.
About 15 Dozens Muslin Chemisettes, nicely worked, 11½d. to 15s.
Bodices, Muslin Crossovers, all new this season.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

40 Dozen .. .. .. 11½d. half-dozen.
50 Dozen .. .. .. 1s. 2d. "
50 Dozen .. .. .. 1s. 4½d. "
50 Dozen .. .. .. 1s. 6½d. "
50 Dozen .. .. .. 1s. 9d. "
50 Dozen .. .. .. 2s. "
And so on to .. .. .. 9s. "
Ready Hemmed .. 1s. 1½d. to 9s. "
Hem Stitched .. 4½d. to 5s. each
Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, amounting to upwards of £2,000.
Every Article Marked in Plain Figures.

VELOCIPEDES. WILMOT HOLT & Co., 8, York-st., Manchester. VELOCIPEDES.

G. R. ALLINSON, General Manchester Warehouse) Families supplied. Any length cut from the piece at Wholesale Prices, (54a, High-st.

The CUMBRIAN and WESTMORLAND WRESTLERS.

CURIOSITY, and a laudable desire to correct what was lacking in our education took us to the Amphitheatre, in Bridge Street, on Monday last. We had previously to confess lamentable ignorance on the subject of wrestling; our only notion of that sport being to lay hold of an opponent while he laid similar hold of us, chest to chest, and then for the two of us to pull, and haul, and scuffle about, until we both came down, one on top of the other, and the uppermost was hailed victor. This notion was founded partly on an illustration in Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities*, in which two Grecian gentlemen, not particularly encumbered with clothes, were hugging one another after the above fashion, and partly on our own recollection of personal encounters at school; in which encounters, by the way, it was difficult to tell where wrestling ended and fighting began. Now, however, having a chance of seeing real wrestling, under the direction of a regular wrestling club, and to be engaged in by the most famous wrestling heroes of the day, with valuable cups and a goodly sum of money by way of reward—all which information we gathered from sensation placards on the walls—we seized the opportunity, and solemnly devoted a whole evening to the annual meeting of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Wrestling Society. Had we chosen, we might have devoted a whole afternoon, too. Never was such a liberal return for one's money! The sports were advertised to commence at 2 p.m., and to continue until 11, but, as nine hours' wrestling, or anything else, was more than our thirst for knowledge was equal to, we waited till half-past five o'clock before entering the Amphitheatre.

The building was filled respectably, both as regards quantity and quality. Towards the latter part of the evening it was densely crowded, especially in the galleries, which, from their steepness, resemble a high-pitched roof, and cause the occupants to look as though they were standing on one another's shoulders. Even the aristocratic and five-shilling balcony was fairly filled. There could be no manner of doubt as to the interest which the spectators took in the proceedings. The applause was liberal and enthusiastic beyond measure. There was no fear of any throat getting hoarse. Not only were there two refreshment counters, well supplied with all manner of liquids, and constantly beset each one by a crowd of thirsty souls; but it was perfectly easy to procure one's favourite beverage without moving from one's seat; and, accordingly, quite a continuous row of pewters decorated the cushioned top of the circular enclosure within which the wrestlers competed. Even the aristocracy in the balcony caught the contagion, and ordered up champagne. There was no excess, however, except perhaps in the case of one gentleman in the front of the gallery, who had imbibed just enough to make him look conspicuously miserable, and who took short naps at intervals, during one of which his hat came off, and fell into the pit. Otherwise, the strictest decorum, consistent with frantic enthusiasm, was observable from first to last.

How shall we describe the fashion of Cumberland wrestling? The two opponents stand opposite to, and sufficiently apart from, one another to bring their shoulders together, while bending only at the hip joint; the knees being kept perfectly stiff, the legs rigid, the back almost horizontal, each one's head resting on his adversary's left shoulder, and each one's right arm working under the other's left. In this position—as awkward and ungainly as can well be imagined—they seem to be butting at each other, or rather to be trying to push each other over backwards. They then clasp one another round the small of the back, the force of the grasp pressing mostly *downwards;*—indeed, it is difficult for the uninitiated spectator to understand at first how their bodies can be brought together at all. Thus they stand for several seconds, gently moving from side to side, locking closer to one another, settling their heads well *into* the supporting and opposing shoulders, and occasionally swinging the right arm to and fro for a moment, as if to obtain a better purchase, and at the same time work the right shoulder well underneath, so as to hoist the adversary's left shoulder up, and, as it were, get below him. Except for the play of the muscles, and perspiration on the face, there is nothing to show that they are using any exertion whatever. Perhaps, after a minute, they both relax their grasp, and separate to take breath. Sometimes this happens more than once; and still there has been no perceptible struggle. In reality, and to a close observer, science and strength have been equally matched, and equally exerted. At last the grasp tightens, the two men move rapidly round and round—the decisive moment is at hand. Another second, and—you scarcely know how it has come to pass—one of them has crumpled the other up (we can use no other word), got him off his legs, and thrown him to the ground—perhaps fallen with him—perhaps on the top of him. If they both touch earth together, it is a "dog fall," and counts nothing. If otherwise, it is a "throw," and the battle is over:—victor and vanquished shake hands, and make way for another couple. Sometimes, after a fierce struggle, both backs remain rigid and horizontal, and the clasped hands of each wrestler slip upwards to the shoulders, and thence over the head, of his adversary, and they separate of necessity. As a general rule, the best wrestlers on Monday night were also the quietest—there was less apparent struggling and working—and when the flurry (as whalers say) came, it was sharp, decisive, and over in a moment. There!—this must do. Pages of description could not convey so clear a notion of the attitudes and struggles as one minute's actual observation. The reader must go to the next meeting of the society, and judge for himself.

We entered the Amphitheatre in time to witness the last three contests for the Manchester Prize—which, we believe, was a silver cup. William Armstrong, of Burgh, a stout, burly, round-faced, and good-natured-looking fellow, for whom we conceived a great fancy from the first, was matched against Francis Foster, a taller and bigger man. They both fell together, but Foster was underneath. Armstrong arose victorious, amidst much cheering. Next he had to meet a namesake, but no relation, Andrew Armstrong, our best Manchester wrestler, a fine and rather handsome fellow, who, we learnt from our next neighbour, has a reputation extending far beyond our city and county. Shoulder to shoulder! Half a minute's almost motionless straining. Then a rest. Again they meet. And now—they rise from the horizontal to an upright position. There is a desperate struggle. Andrew has it! But no—William clings like a leech, or a bull dog—and, after another fierce effort, they both fall heavily together. It is a dog fall. They must go at it again. They do. This time Andrew makes short work of it. William is down at his feet, in almost shorter time than it takes to tell it. And now there are only two men left—Andrew Armstrong and Reay, of Brisca Hill (wherever that may be). Reay is a big-limbed fellow, six feet or upwards in height, and rejoices in a roll of reddish whisker on each side of his face. He and Andrew are the only survivors out of twenty-three competitors for the prize. The excitement thickens; and the spectators, especially in the galleries, stand up, as though there was a high wall in front of them. It is to be the best out of three throws, a special distinction allotted, we discover, to the last round for each prize. The men shake hands, and close. Andrew makes short work again. He treats us to a "cross-buttock." Our obliging neighbour instructs us again. At this rate we shall progress rapidly. The cross-buttock is easily to be understood, though anything but easy, we should think, to do, and still less easy to bear. It simply means that Andrew has somehow got underneath Reay, lifted him up, and pitched him clean over his shoulder—a complete somersault, which makes our bones ache through very sympathy. Terrific shouts of approval. Who can wonder that, after this, poor Reay gets thrown again, as he certainly does, though more gently this time. And so, amidst applause without measure, Andrew Armstrong remains the winner. He is an elegant as well as a vigorous wrestler, and, to judge from the conclusion, well deserves the prize.

Everybody's tongue is loosed, but amidst the noise we make out that there is a twenty minutes' interval before the pole-leaping. Everybody makes for the door, where two men can hardly give out return cheques

quickly enough. We avail ourselves of the exodus to appropriate a chair close to the arena, or ring; so close, indeed, that during the leaping we are in some danger of breaking each competitor's fall. Hitherto there has been nothing savouring of the Circus, except the ring itself and the sawdust, but now there enters a figure in the dress well known and loved from childhood—the undress military frock coat, the white waistcoat, the trousers with broad gold stripe, the—no, actually, the whip is wanting! It is—it must be—the gentleman who lashes the gallant Arabian steed round and round the ring, and afterwards gets cruelly chaffed by the clown; but where, in the name of Franconi, is his whip? It appears he is a sort of Master of the Ceremonies. He helps the judges to preserve order, and addresses the gallery people, in deeply reproachful tones, when they make too much noise, or ask impertinent questions. As, for instance, when, during the pole-leaping, they *would* keep shouting, "How high is it (the jump) now?" he makes reply, "Eleven feet twelve inches," which is taken for the very summit of all wit by the whole house, and roared at accordingly. The pole-leaping is exceedingly good, so good that we are sorry to dismiss it in a few words. There are six competitors, and all leap manfully and well. Our friend William Armstrong only fails at the tenth leap, which, considering his weight, and that the cross-bar has been raised to upwards of eight feet, is very good. He is a great favourite with the gods in the gallery, and they are wofully disappointed when he has to give in. He breaks the cross-bar in his last effort but one, by way of signalizing himself still more. The winner, John Allison, of Kendal, distances all the other competitors with the greatest ease. We never saw a man rise more easily and gracefully at his leaps. He kept on trying higher and higher, after he had fairly won the prize, amidst shouts of "Too bad to ask him," "Don't try again," and finally cleared the astonishing height of 10 feet 4 inches. After which he brought his hat round, and received therein a plentiful shower of silver and copper, from pit, balcony, and gallery. He is, we understand, a working man, on twelve shillings a week.

A wrestling match for All Weights, and therefore for all comers, concludes the evening's entertainment. There are more entries and more ties than we care to count. Indeed, it is almost a hopeless task either to catch the names as they are bawled out, or to tell which couple are coming on. The names are written on separate slips of paper, and put into a lottery wheel. Having been well shaken together, they are drawn out in pairs, and these pairs are proclaimed one after the other, in a way inexpressibly bewildering. There is a good deal of confusion about this part of the proceedings, and it strikes us that the entries should have closed, and the men have been got together, beforehand, and no two pairs of names read out at the same time. Three of the most noted wrestlers in the United Kingdom are competing for this prize—George Steadman, the winner of the first prize at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Good Friday; Richard Wright, the Border Champion; and William Jamieson, who is introduced as ready to challenge any man in England for £100, and give him one fall out of seven. Steadman has a good-natured, slightly-whiskered face, and stout, well-knit frame. Wright is, if anything, a trifle bigger, and decidedly the more powerful. His face is not prepossessing—rather of the P. R. fashion—but it is not fair to judge of a man by his looks. He has carried away any number of cups and medals, purses, and other prizes, so we are told. As to Jamieson, how are we to describe the huge Falstaffian frame of this king of the wrestlers: his limbs, his paunch, his big clean-shaven face, and general ponderosity! Owing to the chances of the lottery-wheel, these three men had very unworthy opponents in the first round, and soon disposed of them. Also our poor unfortunate friend, William Armstrong, came to grief once more. The most amusing contest in this round is one between Reid, of Carlisle, and Johnson, of Manchester, in the course of which Johnson gets Reid on the cushioned top of the enclosure, among the pewters, some three or four of which he upsets, regardless of their contents.

Our space is limited, and we must hurry on, though many are the incidents in each round worth recording—many the wrestlers whose names and deeds are deserving of honourable mention. Andrew Armstrong is the last man overthrown in the fourth round; and there only remain the three champions, Jamieson, Wright, and Steadman. The lots are drawn for the last time, and Jamieson and Wright are pitted against each other. After a sharp tussle, and a dog fall, Jamieson throws, and falls heavily upon, his old antagonist. It is not the first time they have met. To Wright succeeds Steadman. It is the sixth and deciding round. Two falls out of three. Jamieson scores the first. Steadman, to the intense astonishment of the whole Amphitheatre, the second. Jamieson is down at last! But it only prolongs the agony. The third fall comes close on the heels of the second, and, amidst shouts which seem as if they would never end, Jamieson throws his antagonist, and carries away the prize.

A BOOK OF CONFESSIONS.

EVER since the newspapers published what purported to be some of the "Likes and Dislikes" of the Royal Family, this fashion of keeping a book wherein to record the confessions of friends has been popular in English society. From the royal revelations, it appeared that the Princess Mary Adelaide could not find any one to dislike, that the Princess of Wales declared her preference for England before any other country, that the pleasantest occupation of another princess was playing on the piano, and that a fourth was partial to Yorkshire pudding. The amusements of young ladies are not generally of a very enduring nature. Few of them can either draw or paint or understand music sufficiently well to make the pursuit of these arts interesting and engrossing. They can't or won't walk out in all weathers as men do. Potichomanie was found to be, what we may be pardoned for calling nasty, and had a very ephemeral existence. Croquet is but a trivial game at best, and one which young women will certainly not practice, unless they can get some of the other sex to take part in the game and its adjuncts. Archery is beyond the reach of most. Consequently as they cannot always be reading, embroidering, and sewing, they are perpetually inventing fresh hobbies by way of amusement. The collection of photographs was a god-send to them, as well as to the photographers, but a circle of friends, however extensive, is exhausted in time, and the album becomes plethoric to bursting. The custom of keeping Books of Confessions has latterly helped to fill up a sort of hiatus, for, as Mr. Turveydrop remarked, nature abhors a vacuum.

One of these books of Likes and Dislikes is now before us. The contents, as might be expected, show a considerable variety of tastes among the various contributors. Among the moral virtues for which they are required to express their preference and admiration, we find there exists a considerable unanimity of opinion, which is, upon the whole, creditable to the subscribers. Thus, there is a very large majority in favour of truth and honesty, virtues which, if they are not absolutely identical, may be supposed to be very closely allied. Some declare for generosity, some for the most excellent gift of charity, and one for that useful, but not remarkably heroic virtue—punctuality. Of the favourite qualities, which the ideal man (not in the Beckerian sense) is supposed to possess, there are by far the larger numbers in favour of bravery and courage, the female subscribers qualifying the same by adding gentleness, and some of the more gushing ones—tenderness. The popular virtues in woman, as declared by the male sex, are modesty, constancy, and sympathy, while the ladies, in judging themselves, seem to discard modesty altogether, and pronounce in favour of amiability, kindness, devotion, and that homely virtue—tidiness. One male subscriber grimly votes for "deliberation and determined fixity of purpose." He must have visions of the woolsack, the premiership, or the see of Canterbury before him. The confession of favourite occupations leads to a vast variety of tastes, and some are directly opposed to each other. Reading and walking seem to be as popular as anything. One declares for talking, another for thinking (a cheap amusement); a third for hunting and shooting, a fourth for church-going, a fifth for dancing, a sixth for smoking, a seventh for whist-playing, an eighth for dining out, and so on; while, on the other hand, among "greatest aversions," we find that some put down a great talker under that head, others consider commonplace sermons, dancing, and dinner parties the greatest boredoms in existence, tobacco is an abomination to others, and deceitful women and inquisitive men appear to be much and deservedly disliked. It strikes us that the subscribers' descriptions of their own chief charac-

teristics are not altogether trustworthy, and that they could do this more accurately for each other, but this might disturb harmony and lead to recriminations. Not one of the whole lot of contributors has admitted that selfishness is his or her chief characteristic, and yet we venture to say that this would not be an incorrect description of two-thirds of the human race.

The ideas of human happiness are equally various, but we are surprised to find how many declare for the loaves and fishes, and the advocates of good health are so few that we fancy all the contributors must be in the most robust sanitary condition, and don't know what it is to be ill. Some include a competency as a necessity for human happiness, but a competency is a vague term, which may mean anything. Others boldly come out for the hard cash in sums varying from one thousand to ten thousand pounds per annum. Happy homes and contented minds seem to us to be about the wisest confessions before us, and convey to us better ideas of human happiness than dreams of worldly ambition, like Alexander sighing for fresh worlds to conquer, but confessing that if he were not Alexander he should wish to be Diogenes.

To the foolish question answered by Alexander, "If you were not yourself, who would you like to be?" the almost invariable and sensible answer is a refusal to change identity with any one. There must be some deep thirst for love in the human heart, judging by these confessions, for the idea of the greatest human misery is supposed by a large majority to consist in being beloved by no one, and having no one to love. Domestic unhappiness seems to be much dreaded. A nagging woman is repeatedly put down as a most unendurable affliction, and the ideas of bad husbands, drunken wives, wicked children, and bum-bailiffs in the house, are numerous enough to alarm us, and make us suspect that such skeletons in the closet are not so rare as we had previously supposed.

In the choice of prose authors there is a tremendous run upon Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, and Anthony Trollope, in the order named, but the graver writers, like Carlyle, Macaulay, Buckle, and even Gibbon, have their admirers, and a fair portion give in their adhesion to Addison, Swift, Washington Irving, Oliver Goldsmith, Bacon, and Defoe. Of the poets, no one has a chance with Shakspere, Tennyson, and Burns, although Pope, Cowper, Dryden, Shelley, Byron, Browning, and others, receive honourable mention. Poor John Milton seems to be left out in the cold, which probably is a compliment to him on the whole, and Wordsworth is very nearly in a similar predicament. We omitted to mention that Longfellow ranks next to the three first favourites. Among the heroes of real life, the Duke of Wellington seems to have the greatest number of worshippers, but Sir Philip Sydney, George Washington, Alfred the Great, Columbus, Caius Martius Coriolanus, Howard the Philanthropist, John Bunyan, and David Livingstone, have their adherents. The choice of heroines seems to be conflicting. Some put Mary Queen of Scots down as the chief of heroines, and others as the chief of sinners. Even the faithless Helen, who left Menelaus and eloped with Paris, a *lâche* which occasioned the Trojan War, has her admirers—need we say, not among her own sex. Joan of Arc and Grace Darling seem to be the most popular heroines of history, but the only three heroes and heroines mentioned who are still living, at least we trust so, are Livingstone, Florence Nightingale, and Miss Burdett Coutts. Among the favourites of fiction, Colonel Newcome, Sir Roger de Coverley, Ivanhoe, Tom Pinch, and George Warrington take the lead; but the shrewd, worldly old Major Pendennis, Uncle Toby, Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, Sam Weller, and Mr. Pickwick are also in favour; and of Shaksperian characters, Hamlet, Mercutio, and Benedick of the men, and Rosalind, Beatrice, and Imogene of the women, bear away the palm; while among the heroines of modern fiction, none have the slightest chance with Jeannie Deans, Lily Dale, and Ethel Newcome.

Passing to grosser subjects, we find that the taste for favourite food and drink does not take a very wide range, Jock O'Scots declared that his highest ambition was to be able to eat cream porridge with cream to them, to lie upon the lang settle, and spend his time looking up the chimney. The confessions before us, with regard to dainties are not much more epicurean. Some declare their partiality for beef-steaks, some for roast mutton, some for ducks and green peas, some for oysters, salmon, and other fish, one for pork, one for turtle soup, one for stewed tripe and onions, another for hot-pot, and a few for grouse. With regard to favourite beverages, the range is still more limited. Tea is in as much demand as anything. Champagne appears also to be appreciated. 1834 port has some very strong patrons, but claret and burgundy also have their votaries. One asserts unflinchingly his preference for whiskey-punch, another for bottled porter, another for Bass's pale ale, several for pure water, and, finally, one for the humble pop. In the selection of places to live in, the chief desire seems to be to have two houses, one in London and one in the country, and a few prefer France and Switzerland for a portion of the year.

In the choice of historical characters to be disliked, we suspect that some of the contributors to the volume in question have found themselves, like the Princess Mary, rather puzzled; for we don't believe that much real hatred now exists for Caligula, Nero, and other monsters of antiquity, who have here turned up again. We perceive also that Oliver Cromwell, that bogey of our fancy, has once more been exhumed. However, Judge Jeffries, Nana Sahib, the Mannings, and William Palmer the Poisoner, seem to us to be fair objects for honest and legitimate detestation. Finally, one misanthrope declares that his chief desire is to be under the sod, and that his favourite occupation is sleep, and facetiously adds that his chief characteristic is cheerfulness.

These are a few of the confessions in the book before us. At another time, we may probably return to the subject.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

MR. HENLEY, who takes a grim delight in the expression of unpalatable truths, seized a favourable opportunity last week to give the House of Commons some notion of the state of drunkenness and crime in Lancashire. He drew a fearful picture. His account of Manchester was as terribly photographic as figures and comparative statistics (not very attractive materials) could make it. We should like to know whether Captain Palin thinks the description was exaggerated, because Mr. Henley only said what our Chief Constable rudely handled Mr. Alfred Aspland for saying some months ago. Perhaps it was Mr. Henley's speech that took Captain Palin to the town's meeting, on Monday, to petition in favour of Sir Wilfred Lawson's Permissive Liquor Bill. Briefly, Mr. Henley's statement showed that there is as much drunkenness in Lancashire as in all the rest of the English counties put together; that Liverpool maintains its notorious preeminence as the most drunken town in Great Britain; but that whilst drunkenness, during the last few years, has shown a decline in Liverpool, it has increased alarmingly in Manchester. To those living in the county, it did not need Mr. Henley's painfully accurate returns to remind us of the growth of crimes of violence amongst us, nor yet to tell us that the county death rate is the highest in England. That both evils are largely (though not entirely) due to the prevalence of a deplorable vice, may be taken for granted. Mr. Henley said the demand for the Beerhouses bill mainly came from Lancashire. We only regret that the demand is not more urgent and unanimous; that the request for stern measures of restriction does not rise to the height of an imperious and irresistible command.

On May-day, the men connected with the scavenging department of the Corporation were entertained at a collation by some members of the scavenging committee, after which Mr. Councillor Muirhead stated that in future the wives of the men should be invited, as he considered these annual reunions a means of increased efficiency in the department. If some generous members of the scavenging committee choose to vary the unsavoury character of their public avocations by indulging in the odorous and expensive luxury of hospitality, the public ought to be much obliged to them for doing an additional public service at their own private expense; but how a reunion of the wives of the men can

add to the efficiency of the department, is not at first sight obvious. A procession of their horses has palpable advantages; so has the assemblage of themselves; but how a meeting of their wives can cause the city to be better scavenged, gives one food for reflection. Even at second sight, one fails to comprehend the thing. But at third, the sublime majesty of the idea bursts upon one's mind. Give those estimable ladies a tea and a talk every year, and then woe to the scavenger who, by neglect of duty, risks dismissal, and with it his wife's annual tea and talk! Oh, you subtle councillors—oh, you civic Machiavellis—oh, you sly dogs!

The bill is passed: Deansgate is to be improved. And we ardently hope that the Corporation will take advantage of possessing it, to improve at least one-half of its spirit-vaults and beerhouses off the face of the earth. To the necessity of the bill, Mr. Alderman Nicholls was called as a witness; and Mr. Alderman Nicholls—not content with going up to London and being on the rampage there all the time the bill was being waited for, and skipping up the numerous stairs that lead into the committee-rooms in a manner that must have been exceedingly discomfiting to the shade of the late Mr. Councillor Ashmore—insisted on making a joke, when he got to the top! "Oh," he remarked to the parliamentary committee, "if the Corporation only look at property, it immediately increases in value!" If, after that, the company that has insured Mr. Alderman Nicholls's life—if any has—does not immediately lower its premiums, it is unworthy the name of a man and a brother. All objection to long staircases in the new Town-hall is now done away with.

Mr. Thomas Hilton, who for many years acted as one of the managing directors and been president of the Manchester and Liverpool District Bank, is about to retire, owing to increasing years. We understand that Mr. Thomas Cooke will be elected chairman, and that a well-known gentleman, hitherto of the firm of Messrs. A. & S. Henry & Co., will be appointed a managing director.

The other day, on stepping into a cab, we were, to our intense astonishment, presented by the driver with a ticket. At first we thought we had come upon a cabman of methodistic tendencies, who—like a certain 'bus-guard—on a week-day robs his employers, and on a Sunday teaches in a Sunday-school, and was favouring us with a tract. It next struck us that it was perhaps a ticket for some teetotal soirée, but the idea of a teetotal cabman was too absurd. We then perceived it was the ticket ordered by the regulations to be given to every passenger. We never saw one in our life before. Had not this regulation better be abrogated? It is universally disregarded, and would not be much use if it was observed. Every time authority is fruitlessly exercised, its influence is injured.

At the last meeting of the General Purposes Committee the question of the abolition of toll-bars on the outskirts of the city was discussed. The main subject is too simple to be remarked upon. There is no argument in favour of continuing the bars: the only semblance of one being that adduced by Mr. Councillor Baker, namely, that through traffic from the country—especially market produce—coming and going into and out of town, would use the suburban roads for nothing. And quite right, too. The traffic from the country really belongs to the town, and the town has a perfect right to demand that it should gratuitously use the roads of people who gratuitously use its own roads every day of their lives. But what we would draw attention to is the disgracefully selfish tone of debate adopted by the advocates of the bars. One could scarcely believe, if one did not know, that men who have undertaken to discharge certain duties for the benefit of the public would so unblushingly discuss a matter just as it affected themselves. Here are members of the council advocating the continuance of public nuisances simply and almost confessedly because their removal would cost themselves money. The matter was discussed by the losing party from an entirely selfish point of view. Mr. Alderman Heywood, whom we last week complimented on a previous speech, delivered one on this occasion which proved our good judgment in promptly seizing on an opportunity of praising him when it arose; for, amongst many unworthy speeches, his towered up a head and shoulders high above the rest in its unworthiness. Without attempting even a semblance of an argument, he confined his remarks to a number of loose assertions, which were in fact a paraphrase of this: I live at Old Trafford; the bar saves Old Trafford money: therefore the bar ought to remain. A feebler speech man never made, or a more confessedly selfish one. Altogether, the first published proceedings of the General Purposes Committee reflect the greatest discredit on many of its members.

Can it be that the ragged-school mendicants have left their crossings never to return? Why then, an abuse has been done away with! It can't be true.

Mr. Andrew Halliday, in a letter to a friend in Manchester, speaking of his fellow-members of the Savage Club, says:—"Dr. Strauss has written a drama, Leigh a farce, Milward a burlesque, Frank Vizitelly a comedy, and the waiter a tragedy!" After this, the drama may be looking up.

According to present arrangements, the Prince of Wales, during his visit to Manchester on the occasion of the Royal Agricultural Society's Show, will be the guest of the Earl of Ellesmere, at Worsley. We understand that the prince will also lunch at Manley Hall, Whalley Range, where, although but lately returned from a survey of oriental splendours, Mr. Mendel will doubtless be able to show his royal highness something worth looking at. When the Queen decided to come to Manchester to open the Exhibition of Art Treasures, and the mayor, Sir James Watts, placed his residence, Abney Hall, at the disposal of Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and their suite, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the minister in attendance, was asked if the mayor's house was commodious enough, the reply was, "I only wish most of your majesty's residences were equal to it." Possibly the Prince of Wales may draw similar comparisons between Marlborough House and Manley Hall.

MR. BANDMANN.

WHEN that little problem in social algebra has been worked out which we are all day long applying to our dearest friends, and Mr. Bandmann's demerits have been nicely deducted from his merits, he still remains an excellent actor. But that he remains a star actor he owes more to us than to himself. For the German stage is so far in advance of the English stage that an actor who would only rank as second-rate in Germany is very nearly a first-rate actor in England. Mr. Bandmann is reaping the full benefit of the inferiority of English actors, and yet his position is insecure. He confines himself to the provinces, and, although he has improved immensely in the language, and weaned himself of the American intonation, since he first appeared in London, it is doubtful if he will ever be engaged to perform in a high-class London theatre again. He is the strangest mixture of good taste and bad taste. He is rude with the rudeness of health, but he has flashes of refinement which come straight from the brain. His height is above the average, and yet his large, flat, oval face is too large for his figure. His features are coarse, and his expression is restless and inquisitive. His style of acting is true to the traditions of the German stage. He is romantic and picturesque where an English tragedian would be all simplicity and sombreness. Some of his interpolations appeared to us not only un-English but un-Shaksperian. For instance, in the first act of *Hamlet*, when he determines to follow his father's ghost, he kisses his sword, flourishes it about, superstitiously implores its protection, and then rushes off, like a tremendous young knight who means to kill the first several people he meets. Mr. Bandmann is very apt to bid for that applause which the gallery awards to mere physical exertion. He has that vile habit of giving a crescendo expression to his voice. It is amusing to observe, at a Shaksperian play, how frequently the audience applauds the author instead of the actor; how they spontaneously express their delight at Shakspere's text, and, somehow, confuse the actor with their applause.

Mr. Bandmann has read the part of Hamlet with the perfect independence of an educated mind, but he has made a grave mistake in the creation of the living being to serve as a receptacle for the spirit created by Shakspere. To write the words to the music instead of writing the

music to the words, to paint the soul first and sketch the body afterwards, appears to be contrary to nature, and in honour of nature, Mr. Bandmann has failed. He has grasped Hamlet's breadth of thought, he has felt his subtlety, he suspects his gleams of insanity, he realises his utter loneliness, but he has utterly mistaken Hamlet's temperament. He is like a man at sea who is keenly alive to the exquisite lullaby of a calm, but mistakes its prophecy. He has mistaken Hamlet's intensity of thought for passion; he has mistaken the wanderings of an exhausted brain for the broken syllables of the heart; he has mistaken his fits of madness for fits of anger. However convenient it may be to the actor to enliven Hamlet's long monologues with the gestures which only belong to pure emotion, to do so is manifestly absurd.

The creation of *Hamlet* marks the high tide of Shakspere's genius. Into it he has magnificently scattered all his greatest thoughts on the two greatest problems, life and death. The consequence is that Hamlet is a man of genius, irritable but not ill-tempered, melancholy but not sullen. His mind is developed to a degree which would of necessity subjugate his feelings. Intense power of thought and of feeling may co-exist in the same man, but they cannot come out of him at the same time. Mr. Bandmann's Hamlet is a man of strong and ungoverned passions; his movements are rapid and nervous, and not those of a man accustomed to think deeply, and he tunes his voice and grows hoarse in the utterance of the maturest wisdom which man has ever taught man. Shakspere loses as much by the actor and the scene painter as the modern dramatist gains by them. It is doubtful if *Hamlet* can be acted at all. When we read him we find it hard to reconcile him to nature, he is so great.

Mr. Bandmann has the great advantage, as a German, in probably not having learnt Hamlet's speeches by heart at the age of eleven and repeated them, subject to correction, before an illiterate school-master and blind parents. It would require a great effort, if not actual force of mind, to cast off their old habits of reading Shakspere, and bring to it the freshness with which Mr. Bandmann frequently delighted us. Every now and then, by the merest inflection of voice or the daintiest division of a sentence, we were reminded that Mr. Bandmann's mind was at work, and we felt a little electric spark of sympathy for him. To sit *Hamlet* out is a great exertion, but to act it and to interpret the many doubtful utterances in a certain way of his own, argues not only considerable memory but considerable mind. This however we gladly pay to Mr. Bandmann, and we may add that in spite of everything his Hamlet is always a prince. But, although it is like telling an artist that his picture only wants a different back-ground to be perfect, our broad opinion is that Mr. Bandmann has understood Hamlet's mind but that he has not understood his disposition.

Miss Milly Palmer's Ophelia is not a great performance. She is too conventionally lady-like, too mincing, too modern. In her madness she is not mad enough. Instead of being abstracted and sketchy, she self-consciously hurries through it. What tempts this young lady to imitate Mr. Bandmann's German-American intonation, it is probably no use asking in these columns.

SOME SERIOUS APHORISMS.

The crown of genius is modesty; pretence insists on a cap and bells.

Vanity is the jackal of ambition: but the lion is only the king of *wild* beasts.

Most men have a pet weakness; no one pleads general inferiority.

The height of ill manners is to tax the forbearance of courtesy.

The keystone of a man's character is his conceitedness; its foundation his untried excellencies.

Accidents frequently spring from mistakes; mistakes are seldom the result of accident.

'Tis better to prevent a fall than have to lift a friend from the mud.

Misplaced kindness is better than injustice.

THE HEIGHT OF PROPRIETY.—At a certain chop house not fifteen thousand miles from St. Ann's Church, the waitresses are so sensitive that they refuse to bring a salad into the room unless it is dressed.

LORDS AND COMMONS.

PROBABLY the hardest-worked and worst-paid-but-one person in the British Isles, is the unfortunate slavey of the London lodging-house. The worst-paid and the hardest-worked-but-one, is the equally unfortunate member of parliament. Not merely onerous are his labours, but menial. He is a sort of upper footman, who has to dodge about the lobby of the House of Commons, and pick up whatever stray constituents may have put themselves in that locality, to sponge on him. It is a very pleasant state of affairs—when he is mounted upon a platform in his "native borough," exhorting the "free and independent electors"—to hear a zealous supporter cheering his every word, hanging upon his honeyed accents, and worshipping him as a god—canvassing for him right and left—and plumping for him first thing in the morning of election day. But when the election is won, and M.P. is walking through the critical lobby on the way to the performance of the "sacred trust conferred on him that day," and one of his buttons is seized hold of by said zealous supporters, and retained until M.P. has led him over all the place like a dog does a blind man, and finally deposited him in the Speaker's gallery—matters wear a very different and much less roseate complexion. But it must be done. The little local grandee and the small provincial bigwig, like a share of attention from "their member," and expect their services to be remembered, each one looking for a little special notice—and luckily, often imagining he has had it, when he hasn't. Home he goes, and gives his wife a long account of his reception, while she has a good quiet think about the colour of her bonnet-strings.

Under the guidance, then, of your unfortunate but very polite member, you explore the mysteries. Down a long corridor—through a dusky door—past a sombre curtain—and you are standing in the House of Lords. And standing you are as long as ever you stop there—which isn't very long. A narrow pen, without a chair in it, is some removes from Paradise. So, you are in the *House of Lords!* You shut your eyes, before you look about you, and try to realise that awful fact. You wonder what sort of a place it is. You picture to yourself its august occupants. Trembling, you look before you. The first object your eyes fall on is a not particularly intellectual-seeming youth of two and twenty, lolling on a red bench, in a curly hat, sucking the nob of a very Shudehill-looking blackthorn. Are you dreaming? Brilliant idea: are you in a music-hall? Neither. Consciousness returns. But you find it very hard to realise the fact that the young blackthorn-sucker is a lord; and your confidence in hereditary legislation—if you ever had any—receives a shock which it will never altogether recover from. Indignation supervenes. To think that you—you—the honour of your town—councillor, alderman, J.P., mayor, Member of the Chamber of Commerce, artist-royal, or what not—should, with no end of fuss and after an infinity of trouble, be permitted to stand behind a bar, and gaze at a lad sucking a blackthorn! Him a lord! "Such invidious distinctions!" as Mr. Crux observes, in Mr. Robertson's new comedy. From the blackthorn-sucker sitting in the chamber, your eyes turn to the chamber in which the blackthorn-sucker is sitting. A gorgeous place. A golden palace, worthy of the throne surmounting it. In front of that gilt object, and upon his woolsack—which, it has been remarked, would more appropriately, if less comfortably, be a coalsack—and beneath a ponderous wig, sits the Lord Chancellor, Lord Hatherly, his mild worn face and gentle insignificance looking singularly out of place, and out of all proportion to his wig. Friends, in their own estimation jocular, are always holding forth the woolsack before young lawyers' eyes, and seem to think that to sit on it is their life's one desire. A very laudable ambition, no doubt.

But when we step into the miserable shed, in Lincoln's Inn, which is the Court of the Lord High Chancellor in the afternoon, and watch him hear his cases there; and when we see him in the morning, sitting on his woolsack in the desolate House of Lords, hearing his cases there; and when we see him, in the evening, sitting in the same place, hearing speeches drier than the cases—we wonder, who would wish to be that wretched individual? It is only when we think of the long vacation and of quarter-day, that the lot of that wretched individual seems not wholly wretched. Ten thousand pounds a-year is a large sum; but it is small, compared to what it is now paid in recognition of—to what it was last paid in recognition of, and may be next. Wood—Cairns—and Palmer. It is something, in this maligned "Period," in these days of titled crime and prosperous wickedness—not that they are worse than any other days—to find three men of spotless character and honourable lives, all in one profession, simultaneously at its topmost summit. One has been Chancellor—one is—and one, but for his conscience, might have been! Can it be true? It sounds like a fairy-tale. To get amongst the highest places in the land, and yet to hear so strange a word as "conscience!" And not one, but three. Well done, old "Period!"

Beside Lord Hatherly sit the Bishops—an unpleasant-looking row—reminding one somehow of "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness." The scarlet benches are sparsely sprinkled with quiet plainly-clad gentlemen, of various ages. They are not so interesting as the house they sit in. That is indeed something to look at—but not to look at very long. Its magnificence is tiring. It is too handsome: which is more than can be said of its inhabitants. Noblemen they all are; gentlemen some of them are; but handsome men none of them are. There is no disguising the disconcerting fact that lords look very much like ordinary mortals—and plain ordinary mortals, too. They show at a decided disadvantage. One lord at a time is quite enough. Then you examine him over and over again, until you begin to think that, although he is not handsome, there is a nameless something about his appearance and demeanour, and that he is undoubtedly aristocratic. It is not till you discover that you have been looking at the wrong person, and that the object of your admiration is a prosperous pork-butcher, while the real lord is that inconsequent little fellow by his side—that your imagination is disturbed. But here, where peers are plentiful as blackberries are not, you have no time for reverence. You gaze from one to another, and at the first glance perceive their singular uncomeliness. It is positively humiliating to think that you are the inferior of every one of those excessively plain persons. The bishops look especially unprepossessing. Whether it be that the purity of their lawn sleeves shows up the impurity of their complexions, we can't say; but their appearance there is only one word for, and that is a very nasty word; but as there is no other, we must use it—greasy.

Let us come away. Standing in that pen, behind a sitting boy, sucking a blackthorn, is not only fatiguing but derogatory to one's opinion of one's self. Back, past the curtain, through the door, and out into the corridor; and we resume our self-importance. We are at least the equal of anybody there—as there happens to be nobody. And now that we have got out, let us be candid. Much as we respect hereditary legislation, why should we disguise the uncomely truth? Nothing is gained by ignoring facts. Then, let us honestly confess that an uglier lot of men we never set eyes on.

(We forgot to say that somebody was talking—that is, standing up and talking: lots of folks (including the Lord Chancellor) were sitting down and talking—but nobody (including ourselves) was listening; so we cannot say what he was talking about.)

Once more in the House of Commons' lobby, where is our member? Nowhere. Really this isn't courteous. When we bellowed ourselves hoarse at Little Muggleton, we did not think our services would be so soon forgotten. It is too bad. Ha!—see—there he is—quietly sliving off into the House. After him, like the wind—hold of him by the button—poor button! it is nearly off—and he is secured. In another minute, he is docilely trotting off to get us an order for the Speaker's gallery. Up a narrow backstair—through another door—and we are in it. Its crowded occupants regard you just in the same manner as the inside passengers of a well-filled omnibus, upon a wet day—that is, they don't regard you at all, but sit with their eyes staring stolidly before them, motionless—more than motionless—immovable. It is only when you get tired of picking your way up and down over their feet, like a cat on hot irons (only we never saw one), and plump down somewhere, leaving yourself to settle, like an embankment—that they give way to you in the least.

You see another handsome chamber. Not so gorgeous: brown and green, instead of scarlet and gold: but more agreeable to the eye, and much more pleasant to be in. not in the least like the steamer cabin to which a would-be comic paper recently compared it, except that its full and mellow light is thrown through a transparent roof. Opposite you, at the other end, over the reporters' gallery, stand the ladies, looking through the bars of their long cage. And that the members of that House of Commons can have the assurance to keep a crew of ladies standing in a loft, to look at their (as a rule) uninteresting selves, and hear their (as a rule) still more uninteresting speeches, is another striking proof of human vanity. For it is not, say what you will, a wildly exciting scene. To gaze at a lot of men who do not even take their hats off for you, is an occupation you may have too much of. True, there is Gladstone, in a pair of dancing-pumps, carelessly lying on the foremost bench, nursing one foot. *He* has not got his hat on; and its absence, coupled with his dancing-pumps and easy attitude, makes him seem the only person thoroughly at home. He does seem at home, and has an air of being a fixture there which must be exceedingly unpleasant to gentlemen opposite. True, there is Lowe—at least, there is Lowe's hat; and it is to be presumed Lowe is underneath it. True, there is Bright—looking singularly mild and calm, for the turbulent demagogue the *Standard* tells us that he is. True, there is Bazley—punctual, perfect, pattern Bazley—ever at his post. True, there is *not* Darby Griffith. But we are not satisfied. We do not feel repaid for our trouble, and our excessive discomfort, and our exceedingly unaccommodating neighbours. It is not till, from behind the Speaker's chair, alongside of the foremost bench upon the other side of the table, a suit of clothes—loose dark surtout, and wide light trousers—pace in noiselessly, at the rate of about two miles a year, surmounted by the most extraordinary physiognomy ever seen off the stage, that you begin to feel content. And when, through the excitement of debate—through wild partisanship of friends—through mad denunciation of foes—through declamation of orators—and through dronings of bores—you see that Sphinxlike visage—that grotesque head-piece—that burlesque of a face—motionless—expressionless—bloodless—lifeless—more like a dummy than a man—you feel repaid tenfold. It is not *Punch's* picture of that face which is the caricature of it, but itself which is the caricature of *Punch's* picture. What a physiognomy! Motionless—expressionless—bloodless—lifeless—it fascinates you: you cannot

take your eyes off it: you gaze at it, as you pass out; and your last glance is at it, as you turn your head. You see it in the daytime, as you walk along the street; and you think of it at night, in bed.

Come away, again. There is nothing else to see. How all those folks can sit packed up there, we don't know. Some people seem to worship the House of Commons, and its members. Everybody about it is fussy. The members themselves, with their self-important air—until you nail them by that button which is nearly off, when they are as meek as milk—and the constituents from the country, with their idolatrous homage. The only persons present who command our unmitigated respect, are the flunkies. These knock M.P.'s about with the most refreshing independence: having learnt that they are what the *Daily Telegraph* has called the Lord Chief Justice: "human—very human."

MAY DAY AT KNUTSFORD.

MAY day sports are fast becoming obsolete in this country, and any efforts to revive them are worth consideration. It may be sad, but it is nevertheless true, that the pastoral element is rapidly dying out from English life. Merrie England exists only in chronicles and poets' rhymes. In our days, cities give the tone and character to the national life, and perhaps it would be as rational to hope to revive the Heptarchy as to revive the old customs, or to infuse into this cotton-spinning age the spirit of the days when Englishmen dwelt more in the greenwood than the town. Time was, of which Chaucer writes, and also Stow, in his *Survey of London*, when the great May-pole shaft was set up in Cornhill before the Church of St. Andrew, amid the rejoicings of the good citizens of all estates. But it is to be feared that neither London nor any other similar city will see another May-pole set up, for they are fast passing away, even from the villages and hamlets. Civilization is making us more artificial in our tastes, and there is perhaps a tendency to take our pleasure sadly. We seem to be losing a freshness of heart, and to be getting instead a jaded weariness as the result of our fast living. As Wordsworth says,

> The world is too much with us; late and soon
> Getting and spending we lay waste our powers;
> Little we see in nature that is ours;
> We have given our hearts away a sordid boon.

It was therefore in a spirit of philosophic enquiry that, on Saturday last, we went a-Maying to Knutsford We sallied out into the merry greenwood in company with other revellers, not in the fashion of old, on horseback, with a fair lady behind us on the saddle, but by train from the Oxford Road station. But whether it be termed by rail or road, it is a pretty bit of country that intervenes between this city and Knutsford. The day too was favourable for Maying, being of the true traditional sort, bright, sunny, and warm. The line to Altrincham is conventional enough with its villa residences scattered along each side, but when it branches off into mid-Cheshire it assumes a more rural aspect. The meadows and corn land had that freshness which Linnell loves to put into his spring pictures. In little dells the hyacinths mingled with the wood anemones, and, round moated granges with their grey old gardens, lilac and apple blossoms hung on orchard boughs. No more suitable place could be selected for an old English celebration of May than the quaint old town of Knutsford. Though the railway has reached it there still remains about it a refreshing rural simplicity. Whether it has gained its name from the noble Dane Canute, who is said to have crossed its ford, or whether, as some say, its origin is less royal, we need not stay to enquire. Passing along its narrow streets we noticed that they had been carefully sanded, in various devices, according to an old custom on weddings and holidays, the origin of which is involved in mystery. On the margin of this little town is a fine breezy common, on which the yellow gorse was just breaking out into gold flame. It is used as a race course, and here the May-pole was erected, in an enclosed space in front of the grand stand. Beneath the May-pole was a bower, where the ceremony of crowning the May Queen was to be performed. The May-pole and bower were adorned with green leaves and paper flowers, which latter ornament we took it were in bad taste on such an occasion. The origin of May-poles is somewhat obscure, but it is supposed that they originated in the worship of the goddess Flora, and we read in an old Romish calendar that it was customary for the boys to go out and seek May trees. If the goddess Flora had to do with the celebration in days of old, we hardly imagine she would have been satisfied with paper flowers being used in her festival.

The celebration commenced with a procession, which formed opposite the session house. The children who took part in it were first taken to church, where the service was read. In the procession some attempt was made to revive the old associations of the May games, there was the jester, armed with bladder and stick, with a miniature copy of himself, both mounted on an ass; also Robin Hood and Little John, arrayed in Lincoln green, with bows and arrows. The connection of the outlaw and his attendant with the May games dates back to the sixteenth century, when Robin Hood and maid Marian were made Lord and Lady of the May. An individual mounted on horseback, and clad in an extraordinary suit of armour, made, we suppose, of tin, was understood to represent, "The champion of Cheshire," which legend was inscribed on his breast plate, along with the motto "we conquer or die." In his hand he carried a small representation of a battle axe, upon which was inscribed, "this battle axe was used at the coronation of George the Fourth." If it was so used we imagine it must have been as a child's toy. The champion, who looked decidedly uncomfortable and hot in his suit, and who was heard to say from within his vizor, that "he could do with a gill," was attended by two squires from the volunteer rifles. One carried a battle axe and the other a spear, and their duty was to keep firm hold of the horse's head, lest becoming restive it should throw the champion, who seemed utterly helpless in his novel attire. Fortunately for the champion his steed was quiet enough, as it required the repeated application of the fist of one of the esquires to induce it to move. The trades were represented by boys who carried the implements and signs of each in their hands. The Queen of May and her six little attendant maids rode in an open carriage ornamented with flowers, and were esquired by two motley dressed individuals. The band of the rifle volunteers made music for the occasion, and the procession was heralded and attended by gentlemen who wore riband on their arms, which informed the onlookers that they occupied the responsible positions of High Constable, or members of the committee as the case might be. While the procession wound its way round the town, we proceeded to the race course, and found on the grand stand and round the enclosure a large assemblage of fair women and brave men, assembled to witness the sports. To while away the intervening time before the commencement of the proceedings, various enterprising individuals had set up amusements for their own especial profit. Two young gentlemen with white faces were performing on banjo and bones, and assuring their hearers with songs and dances that they were the happy darkies from South Carolina. This was decidedly a modern innovation on May games, and smacked too much of the music hall to be consistent with the occasion. There, too, in more appropriate place, was our old friend the street juggler, in Chinese costume, pigtail and all, whom we had mourned as dead, and whose face, familiar in infancy, we had not seen for many a long year. We found him getting old and infirm, and feigning more than he performed in his feats, but it was pleasant to hear the old fellow's jokes and scraps of private history, related as of old, in the intervals of the performance. A rich harvest of copper coins rewarded his labours, which were cast into the ring by a highly appreciative audience.

The procession having arrived, entered the enclosure, and the festivities began. The May Queen, a little damsel clad in white, with scarlet mantle, walked round the ring, with her maids, similarly attired, carrying her train. Before her went youths, bearing the floral crown, sceptre, and sword, while the children sang during the triumphal progress a song the burden of which was—

> She comes, she comes!
> With garlands gay
> We crown her Queen of May.

The lady being placed in her bower, with her maids about her, was crowned, and had the sceptre placed in her hands in royal fashion. Champion, Jester, Robin Hood, Little John, and the trades' representatives formed a court about the royal dais, but we looked in vain for deeds of valour from the man in armour, who remained stiff and

formal as ever, or for jests from the merry Touchstone. Ne'er an arrow did Robin Hood or his man let fly into the greenwood. With an occasional cheer and a little music from the band, the whole ceremony was conducted in dumb show, and, it must be confessed, left rather a tame impression on the mind. After a few circles on the grass had been tripped by the children, this part of the sports was brought to a close by their being taken off to refreshment. The grass was then cleared for dancing, and nymphs and swains footed it on the springy turf, to the music of the band, in country dances and quadrilles. Outside the enclosure foot-ball, kiss-in-the-ring, donkey riding, ballad singing, and other amusements, were indulged in, the partakers thereof seeming to enter into the fun with right good spirit. We have never seen a more decorous assemblage, and, though the town of Knutsford was filled to overflowing, neither on the common nor in the streets did we see more than two individuals who showed signs of inebriation. This is creditable to the occasion, as we understand the sports at Arley were stopped on account of the abuses that crept into them. It is an old complaint against the May games that they led to riot and disorder. The Puritans preached and strove against them, and on more than one occasion we read of them being stopped in the interests of order and morality. The good people of Knutsford may congratulate themselves upon keeping the festive occasion in a right proper manner.

The dancing and games were continued until the sun set in a rich haze of crimson behind the yellow gorse and the darkening woods. Night at last brought relief and rest to disturbed waiters at the Royal George, the Angel, and other crowded-out hostelries, and took us home to town, feeling that whatever of disappointment there might have been in the show as a pageant, nevertheless it was a good thing to have lingered through a pleasant spring afternoon upon the fresh turf, and beneath a clear blue sky, to have seen innocent sports enjoyed heartily by young and old. Though it may be impossible to revive the custom of the olden time, there is no reason why, in these overworked days, we should not at least once a year "feel in our hearts the freshness and the gladness of the May."

A MORNING WITH THE SWEDENBORGIANS.

THREE quarters of a century ago, and twenty-one years after the death of Emanuel Swedenborg, his followers in Manchester erected the building in Peter Street known as the New Jerusalem. During his life Swedenborg does not seem to have been anxious to found a distinct sect, but rather to introduce a new dispensation. Some years elapsed after his death before his followers gathered themselves together for separate worship, and this church in Peter Street was one of the first of its kind in the country. A similar one was established in Salford twenty years later, but to these no others have been added, affording evidence sufficient that here at least the principles and doctrines of the Swedish mystic have been of slow growth. At the close of last century church architecture was just emerging from the gloom of a very dark age, and what may be called a period of Renaissance had begun: but, with the classic specimen of the revival before them, in the shape of the new church of St. Peter, the Swedenborgians seem to have preferred the old and ugly meeting-house model for their church. In more recent times, however, they have shown their advanced taste in the lavishly decorated little school-house which they have added to their building. The aspect of the interior of the church is such as you meet with in any old-fashioned building of the kind, and may be briefly described in a few rough outlines. High square pews, a steep gallery running round three sides, a flat ceiling, with ventilator ornaments; at the Peter Street end a pulpit, fringed and draped in the orthodox fashion, with a similar desk below; and opposite these, in the gallery, an organ of many pipes. The art decorations consist of a painted window, over the pulpit, representing Christ raising the sinking Peter from the waves; tablets on each side of it, containing the Commandments; and antiquated marble memorials on the walls beneath the gallery. Attempts have been made to modernise the place with touches of gilt and colour, but the general effect is not cheerful. On the occasion of our visit the congregation was numerous, and, judging from outward signs, intelligent, and in some cases well-to-do. From experience we should say that courtesy to strangers is a virtue which the Swedenborgians cultivate, for at no place of worship that we have visited have we received more polite attention than at this. With a little assistance from a lady we were enabled, with comparative ease, to follow the service, which is arranged in the form of a liturgy, and interspersed with the usual hymns and modern chants. This liturgy, of course, embodies a good deal of the teaching of Swedenborg, and, with the Unitarian one, it contains no allusion to the Trinity, as in that of the Church of England.

The officiating minister was the Rev. John Hyde, who wore a white surplice, in virtue of his office. This gentleman who, we believe, has travelled much in America and elsewhere, is a convert from Mormonism to Swedenborgianism. In his personal appearance there is little that is suggestive of the mystic, according to the popular rendering of that term, which associates with it the idea of a pale dreamy recluse. A close relation to the unseen world, and an abstracted contemplation of it, are supposed to produce these effects. Dante, who only in imagination had visited the Inferno, wore so saddened an expression of countenance that the people of Verona, when they saw him in the streets, used to say, "See, there is the man who was in Hell!" Swedenborg, who told his followers that he had been both in the Paradise and the Inferno, is described as having had a thin, pale, wild, and beautiful face, but he was neither a sad nor enthusiastic man. As the author of *Hours with the Mystics* says, "Swedenborg never pants and strives, has no tearful vehemence or glowing emotion. Always serene, this imperturbable philosopher is the Olympian Jove of mystics. He lived much alone, and strong and deep is the stream of this mysticism which carries no fleck of foam." The peculiar nature of his mysticism explains all this, and when we describe Mr. Hyde as of stout and portly presence, with a fine healthy physique, a round and comely face, with a firm decisive mouth and broad intelligent forehead, there is nothing at all anomalous or inconsistent with the creed of which he is the exponent. From his appearance, we should regard him as a man possessing much common sense, and only betraying by an occasional "fine phrenzy" of the eye any indication of enthusiasm. The fact is that this modern mysticism of Swedenborg has little in it of that "other worldliness" which is as favourable to dreamy contemplation. To the Swedenborgian, science and religion are in no way antagonistic. The invisible spiritual influences are everywhere working through the material, and the heaven or hell are but a development of the good or bad spirits at work in the material world. Swedenborg was a practical scientific man, and brought the invisible into close relation with the visible. His followers therefore, for the most part, have a good deal of realism about them, and are especially industrious in educational work. Other sects of Christians regard the invisible world of spirits as something extraneous to this, and to which the present life is thoroughly subservient. Using the words of Tennyson, they say

> We have but faith: we cannot know,
> For knowledge comes of things we see.

But the Swedenborgian, believing that his teacher actually saw the embodied spirits and communed with them, has no doubts about their existence, and recognises them as present and working in all the functions of body and mind.

Remembering these things, we were not surprised, therefore, to find Mr. Hyde, as a disciple of Swedenborg, a calm, clear, confident man. He read the service in a slow impressive manner, and with a rich, powerful, and not unmusical voice. His sermon, too, was characteristic of his belief, and was preached in a forcible and eloquent way. He possesses the power of gaining and retaining the attention of his hearers, and, if you accept his premises, his arguments are logical and conclusive. It is needless here to describe in detail the nature of his discourse. It is sufficient to say that, taking the incident of Abraham's offering of Isaac, and the name he gave to the place of his intended sacrifice, the preacher, after dealing in a mystical manner with the nature of names and their relation to things, went on to speak of self-sacrifice and the benefits accruing therefrom to the individual. If it be accepted that all thought and belief should find its true outcome in right action, then the discourse was practical and beneficial enough to the hearers. Without accepting or rejecting the peculiar views of Swedenborg in the teachings of his disciples, it must be admitted that what they firmly believe *is true for them*, and however much we may differ with them regarding the future, it must also be admitted that the result of it is, as we have said, to exalt human nature, and to make the most of the Present.

Mr. Charles Calvert.—Mr. Calvert takes his annual benefit this (Saturday) evening. A crowded house is, we apprehend, a foregone conclusion. Though the interval between his impersonation of Falstaff and his performance of King James and the miser, (an interval occasioned by the run of the pantomime), may have seemed unconscionably long and a great deprivation to his admirers, it should not be forgotton that playgoers owe to his unremitting attention the excellence of the most popular Christmas piece ever produced in Manchester. The satisfying completeness of the pantomime, the care in small details which contributed so much to its success, the adaptation of the various means to a consummate and perfect whole—all these were due to Mr. Calvert's untiring superintendence. His efforts in this case were in fact, a type of his general system of management; and for these, no less than as a dramatic artist, Mr. Calvert's labours deserve recognition. He essays to-night the character of Richelieu in Lord Lytton's play of that name; Mrs. Calvert taking the part of Julia de Montemar; and, after the play, Mr. Calvert will deliver an address.

A Marriage Lottery.—A short time since at a wedding in South Carolina, a young lawyer moved that one man should be elected as president; that this president should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all the communications that should be forwarded to him in his official capacity that night; that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the name of the person they wished to marry, then hand it to the president for inspection, and if any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the president was to inform each other of the result, and those who had not been reciprocal in their choice, were to be kept entirely secret. After the appointment of the president, communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found that twelve young ladies and gentlemen had reciprocal choices, and eleven of the twelve matches were solemnised.

A new farce entitled *The Teetotal Family*, by Mr Andrew Halliday, has been brought out in Liverpool, in which the low comedian introduces a "fiery and untamed bicycle."

At one of the minor theatres in Hamburg, a quadrille executed by 12 young ladies mounted on velocipedes forms part of the entertainment.

NOTES ON BOOKS AND PICTURES.

A NEW book by Mr. Emmerson is promised in the autumn; also volumes by Mr. Lowell and Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Mr. Victor Hugo is to receive eight thousand pounds for his new novel, *L'Homme qui Ruit*, which is at the rate of five shillings a line.

Mr. Basil Bradley (a native of Manchester) has three large pictures in the gallery of the Institute of Water Colours, London. A London critic (Mr. G. P. Hamerton) says, "These pictures—one of red and one of white cattle, and the other of hounds running—are, we think, almost as good as, considering their aims, it is possible for them to be. They are without charm of the higher kind, but in the obvious qualities of vivid life and spirit, in the knack of observing and arresting momentary animal actions and expressions, we do not know that they have been surpassed."

Another writer speaks in still higher terms of the Chillingham wild cattle picture. "No works of animal painting" he says "that we can call to mind surpass, or even equal, these in the life and fire thrown into the wild forms. The strongest and most violent action is given without the least appearance of awkwardness; each hound in the pack falls into his place without the least squeezing, and the wild bulls are raving and tearing with every muscle and sinew on the stretch, yet all is done with such perfect mastery that we have to recover ourselves from the exciting scene to think over the artistic merits of the picture. After these striking pictures, it is not to be wondered at that others of the kind seem tame."

Mr. J. D. Watson, who, though not a native of Manchester, has had close relations with the city as a student, is also an exhibitor at the Water Colour Institute. Mr. Hamerton says: "Mr. Watson's 'Carrying in the Peacock' is, we think, a painstaking failure by a very able workman. The artist is much more successful in his other two works, the one a lady standing with bent head in a great family pew, of which the upper parts are covered with rich stamped leather; the other a bronzed and cheery smith, with red cap and green stockings, who stands among the black or rusty-coloured implements of his craft, and looks wistfully into an empty mug."

The recently appointed Historical Manuscript Commission has discovered a book, apparently the note-book of a student of Gray's Inn during the time when Bacon was a bencher of the society. It is earlier in date than the published works of Bacon, and it contains the outlines of many of those thoughts which Bacon afterwards elaborated in his essays and other of his works. The curious fact that no link of the slightest kind has hitherto connected together Shakespere and his illustrious contemporary Bacon has been frequently subject of comment; but on the inside of the cover of this book, among many scribblings, the name of William Shakespere occurs four times. This signature is not thought to be Shakespere's own. It appears as if the book belonged to a youth who had taken notes of lectures delivered by Bacon, and had scribbled during intervals of inattention the name of some man of note, or possibly of some companion. For the information of those curious in the subject, we may say the name is written "Shakespeare."

Mr. HENLEY ON DRUNKENNESS IN LANCASHIRE.

MR. Henley, shrewdest of old country gentlemen, brought a heavy indictment against the county of Lancaster, and the city of Manchester, in the course of the Commons' debate on the Beerhouses Bill, last week. The opening of beerhouses, he averred, had not perceptibly increased the drunkenness and crime of the country, but from this he excepted Lancashire, which had shown a serious retrogression within the past few years:

Lancashire is at the head of all things—(laughter)—and in the case of drunkenness it does stand very prominent. (Renewed laughter.) In Lancashire, from which county the demand for this motion mainly came, the figures unfortunately indicated that some special causes were at work. In Lancashire in 1861 the persons apprehended for drunkenness were 23,900 in number; but in 1867—only six years later—that number had increased to 35,800, out of a total of 64,000 cases over the whole of England, a state of things of which but for the official returns they could hardly credit. What did these figures show? Why, that in England, with the exception of Lancashire, the persons apprehended for drunkenness were at the rate of one in every 302 persons, while in Lancashire they were at the rate of one in every 65 persons. Deducting those under 15 years of age, who could scarcely be supposed to be guilty of the crime of drunkenness, it would leave one person in every 44 taken up for that offence. Liverpool had hitherto been king in the matter of drunkenness, but last year Manchester, that ambitious town, had run ahead. One might have thought that Lancashire, being a very busy county, other counties similarly circumstanced would exhibit similar features as regarded the extent of drunkenness. The West Riding of Yorkshire, with a population of 1,500,000, had 6,000 cases of drunkenness in 1861, and in 1867 but 6,063. Hence drunkenness had not progressed in Yorkshire as it had done in Lancashire, and it showed that there must be some governing influence apart from the occupations of the people, or even from the existence of beerhouses, for these were frequent in the West Riding and also in Birmingham, where drunkenness, thank God! was very limited in amount. As to what had been said about Manchester, it was somewhat remarkable that Liverpool, which in 1841 had no less than 17,500 apprehensions for drunkenness, in 1867 had only 11,900; whereas Manchester, which in 1841 had 5,743 apprehensions for drunkenness, in 1867 had 9,742. He feared that there was no mistake in the state of Lancashire because he had satisfied himself that there had been no extraordinary action on the part of the police, and the things that accompanied drunkenness—crime and death—would prove the excess of drunkenness even if they argued back from the proportion of crime and death to that of drunkenness. (Hear.) In England and Wales the number of persons charged with indictable offences in 1835, 1836, and 1837 was 21,000. In the years 1865, 1866, and 1867 the number was reduced to 19,000. The increase in all the criminal tables except larcenies was 17 per cent., which, remembering the increase of population of 38 per cent., was not again unfavourable for all England. In Lancashire the number of persons charged with indictable offences was, during the first three years, 2576; but in the last three years it jumped up to 3057—a fearful amount of increase. In the class of offences of violence against the person the number in Lancashire in the first period was 182, and in the second 350—an increase of 92 per cent. The increase of population in Lancashire was about 50 per cent., which did not by a long way come up to the increase in these offences. The indictable offences of 1867 amounted to 39,621 in all England, but in Lancashire alone they amounted to 15,900. The summary offences were in the same proportion. The death rate for all England without Lancashire was 2·266, while in Lancashire it was 3·16 (hear, hear). He had been compelled by the communications sent to him during the last two months to look into these things. The House was endeavouring to bring about an improvement in the country by instituting a better system of teaching; he trusted it would be the endeavour, not only to make the people better money-making machines, but to improve them really by instilling into their minds better principles, and thus enabling them to resist temptation.

STRANGE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.—In England, from early times until the present, a notion prevailed that if a man married a woman in her shift only, he was not liable to any debts which she might have contracted. Instances of marriage *en chemise* have actually occurred in England. Thus, the register books of a village in Wilts, under date 1714, contain an entry of the marriage of a woman "in her smock, without any clothes or head gier on." At Whitehaven, in 1766, a woman stripped herself to her shift in the church, and in that condition she stood at the altar and was married. And not many years back a similar marriage took place; the clergyman, finding nothing in the rubric about the woman's dress, thought he could not refuse to marry her in her chemise only. At Kirton-in-Lindsey there was a popular belief that the woman must be actually nude when she left her residence for that of her intended husband, in order to relieve him from her debts; and a case of this kind occurred. The woman left her house from a bedroom window stark naked, and put on her clothes as she stood upon the top of the ladder by which she accomplished her descent. The notion of a marriage in a chemise was prevalent at Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, recently.—*The Wedding Day in all Ages and Countries.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE REV. W. A. O'CONNOR.—A short paragraph concerning this gentleman appeared in our last number. Harmless in itself when applied, as was intended, to the first day's proceedings in the police court, it possibly seemed to many of our readers as but a sorry jest, when read by the light of the subsequent melancholy incidents of the case. It is due, therefore, to ourselves to state that the literary portion of the *Sphinx* was made ready for the press, as it usually is, on Thursday afternoon, some hours before the news transpired of the second day's examination before the magistrates; and that the withdrawal of the paragraph was, under the circumstances impossible.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co.,
"Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st, Manchester.

Every Saturday, price One Penny.

THE SPHINX,

A Journal of Criticism and Humour.

The *Sphinx* circulates in Lancashire, North Cheshire, Derbyshire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, and copies are forwarded by post to all parts of the United Kingdom. It contains Descriptive Papers, Humorous Sketches, Criticisms on Local Art, Music, the Drama, and Literature; Occasional Articles on Public Men, Popular Preachers, and Religious Movements; and Comments on Society and Passing Events.

The *Sphinx* is published every Saturday morning, price One Penny. Circulating among all classes, and especially in cultivated and influential circles, it is a publication of great value to advertisers.

CAN YOU SWIM? NO?
Go to POULTON, Leaf-street Baths.
Established 1858. All kinds of Swimming taught.

ICE, ICE, ICE.
Families can be supplied at the rate of 6s. per cwt.
Small quantities, 1d. per lb., at
T. MUIRHEAD'S, Wenham Lake Ice Stores,
30, VICTORIA STREET.

HATS, HATS, HATS.
TRY
Stanley's Patent Silk Velvet Hats,
Price 8s. 6d. to 15s. each.
Also Fashionable FELT HATS, 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. each.
ROBERT STANLEY,
PATENTEE,
240, Deansgate, Manchester.

A First-class BOWL of OX TAIL, 4d.
109, OLDHAM STREET.

WHERE can I get a first-class DINNER?
109, OLDHAM STREET,

WHERE can I get a first-class TEA?
109, OLDHAM STREET.

WHERE can I get a Tender CHOP and STEAK?—109, OLDHAM STREET.

GARDEN HOSE, with BRASS WORK
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FISHING STOCKINGS, TROUSERS AND BOOTS,
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FLEXIBLE HOSE for GARDENS fitted with Taps, Jets, Roses, Spreaders, and Unions.
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

THE INDIA-RUBBER SPONGES and INDIA-RUBBER CORKS have only to be seen and tried to be appreciated and adopted.
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

VELOCIPEDES
Of the BEST MATERIAL and LATEST DESIGNS,
With a Large Room for Practice, at
KERSHAW'S, Store Street, Ancoats.

GOOD VALUE! GOOD VALUE!!
DICKS'
Noted Gutta Percha Bottomed Boots & Shoes
With Leather Tops and Insoles, are unrivalled for Cheapness, cannot be surpassed for Comfort, and are unequalled for Durability. Every one who studies health should wear them.
DICKS'....Gentlemen's Boots from 6s. 6d.
DICKS'....Ladies' Kid Boots from 4s. 6d.
DICKS'....Ladies' Cashmere Boots from 3s. 3d.
DICKS'....Boys' and Girls' Boots, from 3s. 9d.
DICKS'....Repairs Speedily and Well Done.
DICKS'....Work all Warranted.
DICKS'....90, Oldham Street, Manchester.
DICKS'....130, Deansgate, Manchester.
DICKS'....165, Chapel Street, Salford.

The Public may always depend on getting
GOOD TEA,
AT MODERATE PRICES,
At our TEA ESTABLISHMENTS, at the
CORNER OF OLDHAM STREET & SWAN STREET,
AND AT
53, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER,
AS UNDER:—
Our Tea at 2s. per lb. is giving great satisfaction.
The Tea at half-a-crown is quite a favourite.
The Popular Tea for heavy consumption is the one at 3s.
Those Teas at 3s. 4d. and 3s. 6d. are very fine flavoured
Our Best Black Tea at 4s. is specially selected for our trade.
WM. SATTERTHWAITE,
TEA MERCHANT.

CONSTANTINE'S TURKISH BATHS, for Rheumatism and Colds.
CONSTANTINE'S RUSSIAN BATHS, for Rheumatism and Colds.
CONSTANTINE'S VAPOUR BATHS, for Rheumatism and Colds.
23, OXFORD STREET, ST. PETER'S.

VELOCIPEDES!
THE new French and American Two-wheeled VELOCIPEDE, warranted to go 15 miles in the hour; light and easy. Can be had at
ARCHER & Co.'s Iron and Wire Works,
Clowes-st., near Trinity Church, Salford.
A Large Room for practising. Instructions given to purchasers.

ANDREW GIBB & CO.,
59, 61, 63, and 65, DEANSGATE,
Are NOW SHOWING their New Purchases of SPRING GOODS,
Which have been carefully selected from the best Manufacturers in France, England, and Scotland.

ANDREW GIBB & CO.
Have been appointed AGENTS for Lancashire for the
"EXPRESS" SEWING MACHINE,
The latest Invention, and decidedly the best in the trade. A really well-made and thoroughly-reliable Sewing Machine, Simple, Swift, Silent, and Effective. Will hem, fell, gather, braid, bind, quilt, tuck, sew from the finest linen to the very stoutest cloth, and do the entire work for a family. Price, including Hemmer, Braider, complete Set of Tools, six extra Needles, two Spoolers, and Portable Box with handle, £4. 4s. Table and Stand, with Treadle complete, 25s. extra.
ANDREW GIBB & CO., Silk Mercers and General Drapers, 59, 61, 63, and 65, Deansgate.

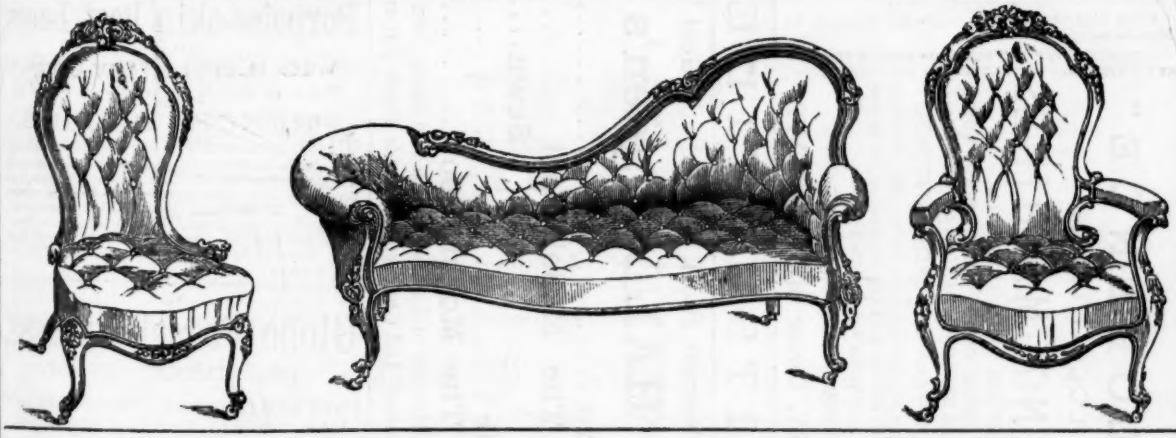
R. H. GIBSON,

COMPLETE

HOUSE FURNISHER,

90 TO 96, STRETFORD ROAD, AND 78, OLDHAM-ST.

GIBSON'S DRAWING ROOM SUITE, consisting of Lounge, Two Easy Chairs, and Six Small Chairs, covered in rich Rep, 10 Guineas; Loo Table, 3 Guineas, and Chiffonier, with Glass Back and Glass Doors, 5 Guineas, in Rich Italian Walnut. All complete, 18 Guineas.



VELOCIPEDES!!

ANDREW MUIR'S

PATENT

ADJUSTABLE FRENCH TWO-WHEEL VELOCIPEDES,

To suit riders of various heights, with Anti-Friction Bearings, made of the best forged iron and steel finely wrought and tempered, combining ELEGANCE, SAFETY, EASE, and DURABILITY. Warranted. A large room to give lessons to purchasers and for trial.
Special terms to Clubs, Schools, Regiments, Gymnasiums, &c. Merchants, Shippers, and the trade liberally dealt with. Agents wanted in every town.

The VELOCIPEDE: How to Learn and Use it, with Illustrations, Prices, &c. Price 6d.; by post, seven stamps.

ANDREW MUIR, Engineer, Victoria Bridge Works,

SALFORD, MANCHESTER. Three Minutes' Walk from the Royal Exchange.

FRESH ARRIVALS OF CHOICEST TEA, **J. F. MART,** TEA MERCHANT, Opposite the TOWN HALL, SALFORD

121, BROAD STREET, PENDLETON. } J. STOCKS & CO., WHOLESALE WINE and SPIRIT MERCHANTS. { And 266, STRETFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

YORKSHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1824.
JOHN NELSON, 61, Piccadilly, AGENT.

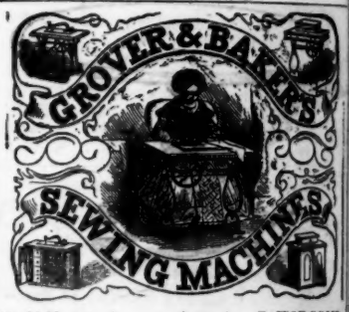
BUSS, IRONMONGER,
VICTORIA STREET,
Five Doors from the Cathedral.
TABLE KNIVES and FORKS, from 7/6 doz.
TABLE KNIVES, Ivory Handles, 12/6 to 33s. dozen.
PLATED FORKS, 17s. to 42s. doz.
TEA SPOONS, 8s. to 20s. doz
USEFUL PRESENTS.
FENDERS, DISH COVERS
FIRE IRONS, TEA SERVICES.
TRAYS. CRUETS.
An excellent Selection of SILVER PLATED GOODS.

SEWING MACHINES.
THE "ALBERT,"
WITH THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS,
Will Hem, Fell, Tuck, Cord, Frill, Braid, and Embroider in a variety of Colours, and is the CHEAPEST MACHINE in the Market.
MANUFACTORY & SHOW ROOMS:
PARK-ST., near DUCIE BRIDGE, MANCHESTER.
WM. CARVER, Proprietor.
Every kind of Machines, made and on hand, for Manufacturing purposes.
DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUES POST FREE.

THE "FLORENCE" LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES
ARE THE BEST. THEY WILL
HEM, FELL, TUCK, CORD, BRAID, BIND, QUILT, GATHER, and SEW ON A BAND at the same time.
THEY MAKE FOUR DIFFERENT STITCHES.
And have many advantages possessed by no other Machines, including the REVERSIBLE FEED, for fastening off the ends of seams without removing the work from the Machine.
PROSPECTUSES AND SAMPLES FREE.
19 & 21, BLACKFRIARS STREET, Corner of DEANSGATE.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.
The Largest and Cheapest Stock of Ladies', Gent.'s, and Children's BOOTS in town, at the
CITY BOOT HALL, Ogden's Buildings, 132, Deansgate,
Gent.'s Elastic Side.....from 4s. 11d. to 7s. 6d.
" The Model Boot .....8s. 6d.
" Sewn.....10s. 6d.
Ladies' Elastic Side .....from 2s. 9d. to 3s. 6d.
" The Model Boot.....4s. 11d. to 5s. 6d.
" A Choice Selection of Ladies' French Kid Boots from 6s. 11d. Boys' and Girls' Boots from 2s.
An immense variety of Ladies' and Children's Sea-side Boots just arrived. Gent.'s Cricketing Boots and Shoes at all prices.
8 MA 69

ESTABLISHED 1833.
HARGRAVES'
TOBACCO AND CIGAR
MANUFACTORY,
44, SWAN STREET,
AND
2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, MASON STREET,
MANCHESTER.
HARGRAVES'
SMOKING MIXTURE,
In 1 and 2 ounce Packets.
All Tobaccos (including Irish Roll) guaranted genuine, and free from Adulteration.



67, Oldham-st. Agent: J. HODGSON.

THE STRONGEST MAN in the WORLD
CANNOT BREAK THE
EVERLASTING
Porpoise-skin Boot Laces,
MADE BY
GILL & Co., 12, Brewer-st., Golden-sq., London, W.
Price 1s. per pair; by post 14 stamps; 6 pairs for 5s.

FRENCH DUBBING.
THIS Invaluable Composition possesses the properties of preserving Leather, rendering it supple and waterproof. It is identically the same Dubbing as that used by the best curriers in Millau (Aveyron). BOOTS, SHOES, and HARNESS are particularly benefitted by its application.—Sold Wholesale and Retail by W. GILL & CO., Curriers and Leather Sellers, London.—Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per can, or 60s. per cwt. in casks.

THE
Globe Parcel Express,
127a, MARKET STREET.
PARCELS & PACKAGES FORWARDED DAILY to ALL PARTS of ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND,
AND THE
CONTINENT OF EUROPE.
GOODS and PARCELS forwarded per Mail and other Steamers or Sailing Vessels to India, China, Australia, United States, Canada, and all other parts of the World.

IF YOU BREAK YOUR MEERSCHAUM
HAVE
WITH COMBS PATENT ANTI-NICOTINE
SCREW PIPE BAND PUT ON.
T. R. WITH & CO MB 23 VICTORIA ST
MANCHESTER

MANCHESTER: Printed and Published by the Proprietor, JOHN GEORGE KERSHAW, at 37, Oxford street, in the parish of Manchester, and at 4, Stanley Terrace, Moss Lane West, in the parish of Manchester.—Saturday, May 8th, 1869.

J. E. HAYDOCK, Has one of the largest Assortments of Watches, Gold Chains, &c. in the city, **12, Albion-st., Gaythorn.**